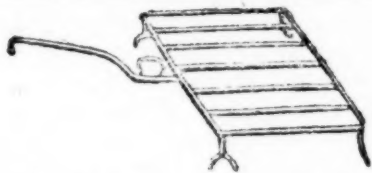


# COBBETT'S WEEKLY POLITICAL REGISTER.

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" "There must be a reckoning *at last*; and then the labourers must, and will have their due. The bull-frogs will fall with the paper-money that created them; and then their now slaves will become free."—*Register*, 24th August, 1819.

## PAUPERS, BULL-FROGS, AND COBBETT'S CORN.

### TO THE COBBETTITES.

Barn-Elm Farm, 8th November, 1829.

MY FRIENDS,

I ADDRESS YOU ON a most important subject; namely, the EVIL of PAUPERISM in England, the CAUSES of it, and the REMEDY; and in speaking of the existence of the evil, I have only to bring to your recollection a number of facts, not only *notorious*, but avowed by all our enemies; acknowledged, avowed, and declared in the most explicit and most public manner. It is *notorious*, that, from one end of England to the other, the working people are in a state of misery hardly to be described; that they are generally accused of what is called *thieving*; that poultry, sheep, and even pigs are hardly looked upon as property, on account of this general *thieving*, as it is called; that barns and stacks are nowhere regarded as being secure against *fire*; that, in short, the gentlemen and farmers live amidst a labouring people who hate them, whose enmity they dread, and who have defeated or set at nought, all the laws made to restrain them; and finally, the jails, though tripled in size, are still too small, and that the culprits make a jest of *imprisonment*, and even of *transportation*, either being a relief

from the starving and perishing life that they lead. These things are notorious. It is notorious also, that many parishes, in order to get rid of their working people who have large families, have paid, and are paying, great sums of money to *American ship-owners* to take the labourers away to America; and that these labourers *there do well*, and bless God for their deliverance from their miserable native land. And it is further notorious, that while the landowners are thus paying money to send the people away, they have *passed laws to make food dear*, by keeping it from coming into the country; and this too, while their own lands are half cultivated, and while the labourers are, in great part, cracking stones on the highways. These things are all notorious; but I will not rest on notoriety; I will state my facts from PARLIAMENTARY REPORTS: they are as follows, and damning facts they are.

1. That in the Report of a Committee of the House of Commons in 1821, it was stated in the evidence attached to the Report, that the general drink of the labourers was *water*; and that their general food was *potatoes*, and this so entirely and *exclusively*, that the ploughmen were in the constant habit of carrying these roots to *eat cold in the field*.
2. That, in evidence attached to a similar report of 1814, the Rev. ANTHONY COLLET stated, *all* the labourers were become *thieves*; and that they were so completely corrupted, that there existed *no hope of their amendment* by education, or by any other means.
3. That the House of Commons caused to be printed, on the 3d of July, 1828, a report of a Committee on the Poor Laws (the object of which Committee was to devise the means of lessening the poor-rates), and that the evidence taken before that Committee (and printed with the Report), contains the following statements, by the several persons here

X

named:—By Mr. LISTER, of MINSTER, in Kent: That “the convicts (on board the hulks) are a great deal better off than our labouring poor, let the man (the convict) be ever so bad a man; that the convicts come on shore to work; that they do not work so hard nor so many hours as the common labourers, and that they live better; that it is very common for the convicts to save money, and to carry from ten to forty pounds away from the hulks when they are discharged: that the witness has heard several labouring men declare, that if they could commit any act so as to be condemned to labour in the hulks, they would gladly do it.”—By Mr. HENRY BOYCE, of WALDENSHARE, in Kent, who did himself infinite honour on this occasion: That he has seen 30 or 40 young men, in the prime of life, degraded by being hooked on to carts and wheelbarrows, dragging stones to the highways, because they could get no employment elsewhere; that, in the parish of Ash there is a regular meeting every Thursday, where the paupers are put up to auction, and their labour sold for the week, and it often happens that there is no bidder; that this want of employment does not arise from an overstock of hands, but from the want of money in the farmers to pay the hands out of employ.—By Mr. NATHAN DRIVER, of FERNEUX PELHAM, Herts: That the labourers in the parish are let out; and that when a young man has a bastard laid to him, he chooses now not to enter into bonds to maintain the bastard, but to go to prison.—By Mr. LISTER ELLIS, of LIVERPOOL: That in the workhouse in that place, they make the labour as irksome and disagreeable as they can devise, in order to induce the labourers to resort to their own resources; that he thinks that the able-bodied labourers are made *too comfortable* in this workhouse; that when any of them have been sent to the House of Correction from the workhouse,

and come back, they say they would rather be sent to the House of Correction again.—By a WILTSHIRE MAGISTRATE, who is *not named*: That, according to the price of labour in the neighbourhood of Hindon and Salisbury, on the 24th of June, 1828, the weekly earnings of a man, wife, and one son, amounted to *nine shillings a week*; and if the man had *five children besides*, he was allowed, in *relief*, 1s. 9½d. a week, in addition to the earnings; and, as the bread was 1s. 3d. the gallon-loaf, at the same time and place, each of these people had 160 ounces of bread in a week, or 21 ounces a day, and *nothing else*, and *nothing for drink, fuel, clothing, or lodging!*

4. That in 1829, a Committee of the same House reported in favour of a scheme for *mortgaging the poor-rates* for the purpose of raising money to pay for *sending the labouring people out of the country.*

It would require volumes to contain a bare statement of the shameful facts of this description. But, here are enough; here are enough to satisfy any man, that the millions *who labour* are in a state the most wretched, and that, too, in a country formerly the most famed in the whole world for the plenty and happiness in which the people lived, and a country having all the advantages that nature can bestow upon it.

What, then, are the *causes* of this horrid state of *pauperism* and *crime*, a state so different from that which formerly characterised the country? The causes have been the *monstrous taxation* and the *paper-money*; by the means of which the fruits of labour have been taken from the labourer, and given to those who do not labour. These things, co-operating, have been *the cause*; but I shall now show more fully than I remember to have done before, the manner in which this cause has hitherto *worked*, as far as regards the farm-labourers; and when I have done that, it will not be difficult to show you the *reason* why the *farmers* are *opposed* to “*Cobbett's Corn*,” as they are, from

one end of the country to the other, described to be. Mr. MOORE, at SANDY in BEDFORDSHIRE, has growed *one hundred and five bushels to the acre of shelled corn*; and he says, "but the farmers do not like it"! He seems to wonder at this: his wonder will cease when he has read this Register; but, in order to show clearly *why* the farmers "*do not like it*," we must go back, and carefully trace the source of this strange dislike. I said, from the first, that the *renting farmers* would not like it; but I have never yet clearly and fully showed *why* they would not like it: and this I now intend to do.

It is not only possible, but likely, that laws and regulations, which are *generally* injurious to a people, may be beneficial to particular classes. The Small-note Bill, for instance, which, in spite of bright GOULBURN's predictions, is now *slaughtering* the farmers, is very beneficial to placemen, pensioners, dead-weight people, sinecure people, and fundholders. And though the high taxes and the paper-money degraded the labourers, they raised up a part of the farmers in that same proportion. By means of the banks, those farmers, who were connected with them, had the means of supplanting the *small farmers*, till, at last, the number of farmers has become about *one-seventh* of what it was *seventy years ago*. The small farmers and their families have sunk into *labourers*, and have, like the rest of the labourers, become *paupers*.

So that the farmers of England are an entirely *new race* of men, having an interest *separate from*, and *opposed to*, that of the labouring people; much more so than the interest of the negroes compared with that of their masters, because the negro being the private property of his master, the latter will *take care of him*, has interest in his life and health, while the farmer has no such interest in those of the labourer, who is his slave as far as utility goes, and who is cast aside the moment that stops. Formerly the distinction between the two classes, was not very strongly marked. The farmer's daughter very frequently married the son of the labourer

or village tradesman, and the daughter of these latter as frequently married the son of the farmer. So that there were few numerous families without some members richer than others; there were few labourers who had not, on one side or the other, some relation amongst the farmers. Hence poverty found, in numerous cases relief, without descending to pauperism. This was the natural state of things. But, soon after the "*good old King*" came to the throne, the war, which was intended to *compel America to be taxed without being represented*, and which gave rise to enormous taxes and loans; this war, in the prosecution of which this country hired and paid *Hanoverians*, *Brunswickers*, and all sorts of German devils; this war began the ruin and degradation and misery of the English people, *third series*. The *first* series began with the *holy* "*REFORMATION*," as it is impudently and impiously called; the *second* began with the *glorious* Revolution and the Bank; the *third* began with the "*glorious wars*" of "*good old King*," who found the *National Debt* 146 millions, and who left it 949 millions; who found the *annual taxes* (though then *at war*) EIGHT millions, and who left them SIXTY millions, though then *at peace*; who found the poor-rates ONE MILLION a year, and who left them EIGHT MILLIONS a year. The first series of miseries; I mean those which proceeded from the "*Reformation*" were great; those that sprang out of the Revolution, greater; but, both put together did not equal the miseries which have arisen out of the wars of "*good old King*, God bless him," as the tax-eaters' children have been taught to stammer out to the company, while the tax-crammed mother and father sat smiling on the sweet geniuses, for whom meals of taxes were already bespoken.

These wars, these "*glorious wars*," of "*good old King*," carried on by the help of Hanoverians and Brunswickers, and other German hirelings, frequently kept up in the heart of England; these "*glorious wars*," with their loans, funds, taxes, and paper-money; all these naturally produced *monopolies* of all sorts;

they drew money together in great masses; they necessarily created usury, and gave the usurers an advantage over honest men; they, together with "*good old King's*," various laws and regulations, made every thing a monopoly, and *farming* amongst the rest. The long established and happy state of things, presented the people of this *then* proud, powerful country, divided into the following classes: as to the *land*, NOBLEMEN including Baronets and other-Great Commoners, GENTRY, CLERGY, LARGE-renting farmers, SMALLER FARMERS of all grades down to twenty or ten acres of land, *Labourers* and *Servants in husbandry*: as to trade, MERCHANTS, great MASTER MANUFACTURERS, SMALLER ones, WHOLESALE Dealers, RETAILERS, JOURNEYMEN Manufacturers. The "*glorious wars*" of "*good old King*," together with their taxes, loans, pensions, pay, paper-money and monopolies, changed the scene, and, at last, it presents us with an entirely new thing. The gentry have been crushed out of existence; the smaller farmers the same; the smaller master manufacturers; the wholesale dealers and the retailers have been swallowed up by giant establishments; the servants in husbandry are gone; and there now remain

Great Landowners.

The Clergy.

Bull-frog Farmers.

Land-slaves, called *paupers*.

Great Merchants.

Great Manufacturers.

Manufacturing Slaves, called Operatives.

Great Dealers, who employ each a regiment of clerks.

Masses of Slaves who hand and hawk their goods about, and who live in a species of barracks, or travel like King's messengers.

In every class of former English society, the *second degree* is destroyed, except in that of the CLERGY; and there it could not be destroyed without destroying the class itself. But, in no class has the change been so great as in that of the FARMERS; and, as the *millions* must always be closely connected with the land, this change has been the most im-

portant of all. There is now no *common interest*, no *common feeling*, between the farmer and the labourers. The former would no sooner think of sitting down to table with the latter, than he would think of sitting down to table with common beggars or felons; or, which is exactly in point, than a West India or Virginian slave-owner would think of sitting down to table with his negroes. The wife, sons, and daughters of the farmers, all assume the same airs of superiority, to which, indeed, they have been brought up.

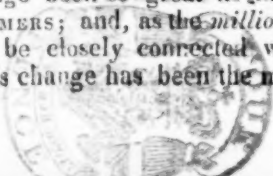
This new race of farmers arose thus: those who were the *large farmers* under the old and good state of things, found, in the fiction of paper-money, the easy means of *borrowing*. All men are prone to monopolise; but, without this fictitious aid, the large farmers were unable to grasp to the extent of their wishes; and the smaller farmers stood their ground. But, when the *fiction* came, they had means at their will; and they swallowed small farmer after small farmer, till the whole were annihilated. And now the agricultural population is divided into three distinct classes;

Landowners.

Great Farmers.

Land-slaves, called *paupers*.

The labour of these latter is frequently *put up to auction*, as that of the slaves in Jamaica is. Our land-slaves are frequently set to draw carts and wagons, having a *driver* over them. They are sometimes shut up in the *parish pound*, like cattle, to keep them from doing mischief. A bill passed the House of Commons last year to allow overseers to *dispose* of their dead bodies to the surgeons, and thus put them on a level with murderers! Ah! Bull-frogs! and do you expect them to *love* you after this? And do you expect them to expose their lives in defence of you and your property! And do you expect, that Lancaster-schools and religious tracts will induce them to lie down and starve quietly in the midst of abundance? They are the *millions*, recollect; they have all the country smiths, wheelwrights, and collar-makers with them; all the country journeymen of





every description; and every small farmer, where there happens to be one, not yet devoured. You and the tax-gatherer have taken from them, by degrees, every article of decent clothing and of household stuff; you have taken from them their cows and pigs and hens and bees; you have cut them off from every inch of *common*; you have enclosed all, you have grasped all to yourselves; and, after this you complain, that they do not like a hair of your heads! After this you complain (as in Sussex the other day), that they will not stir to extinguish the flames that are consuming your barns and your stacks!

After all, however, you must have *their labour*. You want that in spite of the inventors of *machines*. You cannot do without *their labour*; and here is the RUB for you. If you could do without that, you would dispose of them in quick time. Then, owing to their perverse nature, they cannot work without *food*; and worse still, that food must, in one shape or another, come *from you*! Sad misfortune; but it is one that you must endure. It is, however, a misfortune not to be endured quietly; and, accordingly, committee after committee, bill after bill, report after report, scheme after scheme have been witnessed, all having for their object the discovery of the means of making the quantity of their food as small as possible consistent with strength sufficient to do your labour for you; while, on the other hand, they have been taught by their bellies to get as much from you as they can, and to give you no more labour than the food they obtain is worth.

This is the sort of struggle that has been going on for the last seventy years; but more conspicuously for the last forty, and now more so than ever. The bull-frogs (co-operating with the landowners) have hitherto had the upperhand; but now, thanks to our Soldier-Prime Minister; thanks to WATERLOO and to his bright Chancellor of the Exchequer, the paupers are beginning to gain ground a little. Best Cheshire cheese selling for 4d. a pound, and a fat Leicester sheep for 1l. 7s. These will bring down bull-frogs, and make the former remember

the Jubilee cheese, a *ton weight*, which they, in the midst of last "*glorious war*," presented to "*good old King*," who was at war twenty-nine years out of his sixty, "*God bless him*." These prices will sweat the bull-frogs; for Waterloo has blocked up the channels of discount.

I know that it is said, that if the farmers be ruined, how are they to give employment; and what is *then* to become of the land-slaves called *paupers*? I know that it is said, that the poorer the farmers are, the worse it must be for the labourers, or land-slaves. I know that this is said, and I know it to be a bull-frog lie; for I know it to be IMPOSSIBLE for the land-slaves to be worse off than they now are: they have now no more food than just enough to keep them alive, part of which they *take* without leave; and, if less be *paid* them, they will *take* more; for lie down and starve and die quietly, under the *Irish unction*, I know they will not; and this I have always said. Their claim is built on the law of nature, the canon law, the common law, the statute law; and that claim they will assert.

Besides, that man can reflect but little, who imagines that the bull-frogs will become more hard towards the paupers as they themselves become poor. This is, indeed, the usual and the natural consequence of diminished means in those who pay; but all is out of nature with the bull-frogs. Men of spirit become proud as they become poor. Not so with bull-frogs: empty their purses, and their insolence drains off just in proportion as the money departs from them. And, as they become poor now, they will become *humane*; as they drop their fine horses, they will become more familiar with their slaves, called paupers; they will feel themselves *more near to them*; they will see that the distinction is not so great; and, when they approach towards the *breaking up* of the bull-forgery, they will not only be humane towards the paupers, but *generous*. For, when all is *bespoke*; when landlord, parson, tax-gatherer, banker, and the paupers, *must have the whole*; when mows, ricks, cows, horses, pigs, sheep, poultry; when live and dead stock and goods (including the piano) are

all *bespoke*, why should the broken or breaking-up bull-frog wish to pinch the paupers; and especially when he reflects, that he may very soon be a pauper himself?

Oh, no! The breaking up of the bull-frogs will not make the lot of the land slaves *worse* than it is now. It will make that lot *better*; and, if I be asked, what will be their lot, if the bull-frogs be *unable to pay the poor-rates*. Unable! Unable to pay them! What folly in such a question! Why, *the farm* pays the poor-rates; and it, and all that thereon is, is liable and seizable, and take-awayable, for the poor-rates; and that, too, *weekly*, or even *daily*, if the overseer choose. It is the *first charge* upon the land and upon all that is on it. And this is agreeably to the *compact* made with the people at the "*Reformation*," as the well-fed parsons call that unfortunate event. This is a view of the matter that MALTHUS and his followers never seem to think of. The claims of the poor stand upon this foundation.

1. Before civil society existed in this island, all the people possessed all the land, and all its fruits in *common*: there was no such thing as *property*.
2. When civil society, or laws, came, certain things became the *property* of certain men; and the whole society stood pledged to protect each in the enjoyment of that property.
3. Certain pieces of *land* now became the private property of certain men; that is to say, men cleared and *cultivated land*, and thereby became the *proprietors* of it; so that the *basis* of property must have been labour.
4. But, as the change from a state of nature to that of civil society and laws must have been intended to *better the lot of the whole* of the people, it never could be intended that all the land and all its fruits should be the *property of a part of the people*, and that the rest should be exposed to death from hunger, being deprived even of the rights of nature, which they held from God.

5. Therefore, when the land became generally private property, the lords or owners of the land took care of their vassals, or tenants, and labourers, who were, to a certain extent their property; but who were provided for by them, in case of illness, or inability to labour.
6. When *Christianity* came, the lords of the soil gave up a tenth part of the produce of their lands to the clergy, and also endowed numerous monasteries, hospitals, and the like; and out of these tithes and endowments the destitute labourers were to be, *and were*, maintained; all these endowments and grants being founded on *charity*, and the clergy being no more than *trustees for the poor*, or labouring class of people, to whom, in fact, the tithes, and all the abbey and other church lands, belonged.
7. But, at the event, called the "*Reformation*," the tithes and church lands, all this great patrimony of the poor, were seized upon by *THE ARISTOCRACY*, who set up married parsons, instead of priests without wives; who gave the tithes to these parsons, took the church lands to themselves, and *who*, after a while, *gave nothing out of their patrimony*, though they were not, *by any law*, exempted from *the effect of the conditions*, on which the grants and trusts had been made.
8. The people of Ireland and Scotland submitted to this robbery of them; but the people of England did not. They demanded their patrimonial rights; they demanded relief in case of indigence; they demanded that provision should be made that no Englishman might die from want.
9. Their endeavours to obtain this justice were arduous and of long duration: all sorts of attempts were, on the part of the aristocracy, made to prevent their obtaining it; but, at last, the aristocracy seeing that they must *give up the tithes and the church lands*, or *fight the people*, or *make a legal provision for the poor*, agreed, at last, to *make that provision*.

10. This provision was made by an Act of Parliament, passed in 1601, which was the 43d year of the reign of Queen Elizabeth. This act expressed the bargain, the terms of the compromise, between the landowners and the people; and this is in full force to this day; not only in England, but in all the states of America.

This short sketch of the history of the poor laws, would convince any body but an insolent and greedy bull-frog, that the labourers, when they *cannot get work*, or are *unable to work*, have a *right* to relief from the parish, in lieu of that relief which they would otherwise have a right to claim from the *tithes* and the *rents of church lands*. That they have such right is *most immoveably fixed in their minds*. They have it in their heads and hearts, from father to son, that this is their *indisputable right*; and that, if they be willing to work, they are not to *want* in a land of *plenty*. In this opinion the *law* itself bears them fully out. Their claim on the land comes *first*. The King, the fundholder, the parson, the landlord, may cut up, as they please, the *remains* of the bull-frog; but the poor have the *first claim*; so that it is nonsense to talk of a farmer being *unable* to pay the poor-rates; for as long as there is *any thing upon the farm*, that any thing is seizable for the poor-rates, and that, too, by the most summary of all processes.

But, I may be asked, suppose the farm to be *untenanted, unoccupied*, and that nobody is on it to be proceeded against? Then the buildings and trees may be seized, and sold piecemeal; and if there be neither of these; if there be nothing moveable, the land itself may be taken and used for the relief of the poor; and this is what will, nay, what *must* be done, if farms be abandoned to any considerable extent; unless, indeed, a general convulsion be thought preferable; and then, God knows who may have the rates and the lands into the bargain. Things will not, however, be likely to take this turn. The *rents will not be paid*. Landlords will sell up tenants, and *take the farms into hand*,

and will then *lose more than the rent*. They will then, if they can, take *additional mortgages*, to pay the amount of these losses, and have the means of living; and thus, in a short time, their estates will pass away from them, and they and their sons will become coachmen and grooms and valets and footmen to the Jews and jobbers, and their wives and daughters, lady's maids and slop-emptiers to the Lady Jewesses and Lady Jobbers; for, as to butlers, housekeepers, and cooks, these must come from the "*lower orders*," or "*peasantry*." By the time that this process has gone on for about three years, the bubble will be ripe; and then it will burst; and after the bursting, we shall see bull-frogs disappear, and small farms return: that is to say, if WATERLOO proceed in his present course. The bankers are *drawing in as fast as they can*; and many are *quitting business*. There is an advertisement, stating that the two *great banks*, at BURY ST. EDMUND'S, are to become *one*. *More than half their affair is gone!* Thus it *must* be all over the country. The decay will be gradual; prices will keep falling, and poor-rates and taxes will continue what they are. *The taxes*, for reasons which I have a hundred times stated, will *not fall off much*. If they fell off *in proportion to the fall in prices*, there would be something of a remedy in the thing's own operation. But they will not; and the ruin will go on working upon merchants, manufacturers, and bull-frogs, especially the latter. The ruin of these will work the landlords; and thus will they all be brought down to a fellow feeling with the miserable labourers.

But, did I say, "IF Waterloo proceed in his present course"? He *must* proceed in it: he is pledged to it in every way that man can be pledged. As to PEELE, poor "*nice young man*," his pledges may be got over; but the Duke, the "*greatest captain of the age*," the hero of Waterloo, the man of resolution never to be shaken; his pledges are not to be deemed *wind*. He not only adhered to the measure, but gave *his reasons* for the adherence. He is pledged to two things; namely, that there shall be *no more small-*

notes, and that there shall be *no reduction of the interest of the debt*. To these two things he is pledged; and he *must* stand to them: it would be to cast infamy on him to seem to doubt of his standing to them. To give way *now* would not only be to *avow a national bankruptcy*; not only a *declaration of insolvency*; but it would cover him with such disgrace, that even shameless wretches would blush at living under his sway. Nor would the thing end here; for, to put out the "*worthless rags*" again, accompanied with such a declaration, would be sure to cause an open war between the paper and the gold; and the whole system would go to atoms in a puff. He must *keep on*; and we shall see the gallon-loaf at 8d., fresh butter at 4d. a pound, beef and mutton at 2½d., pork at 3d., cheese at 2½d., a good cow for £4., and a good cart-horse for £5.

All the *five-pound notes* must disappear, in the country, in a short time: they will not circulate *with gold and without ones*. The two banks at Bury St. Edmund's would not have *united*, if they could have carried on their affairs singly with a *profit*. When *rivals join*, it is from a sense of weakness, not of strength. When you see *newspapers unite*, be sure that both are in a desperate way. Those who are of the *craft*, call this *toddling*; that is to say, each paper, finding itself upon the *go*, toddles, or staggers up to the other; and they lay hold of each other with the view of gaining mutual support. In the language of the world, each paper, finding its readers too few to pay the expenses of the concern, unites with the other, in order to add to its readers, and thus to proceed with less chance of loss. Thus it is with these two banks, each of which has not, of itself, customers or business sufficient to pay the expenses. If they find (as I am sure they soon will) that the business is not sufficient to pay the expenses of *one establishment*, they *will leave off*; and, as they are (I have heard) concerns of men of real wealth, they will have done nobody any *wrong*. They would, I dare say, leave off *now*; but, it is not so *easy a matter* to do this. They could pay their notes; but can

those who have borrowed their notes *pay them*? If they cannot, the banker is in a perilous state. In short, there are many that he must continue to lend to, until they can pay him; though, if he would be ruled by me, he would think the *first loss the best*; for, if he expect that a bull-frog, who cannot pay *now*, will ever be able to pay, he will assuredly, unless in case of very peculiar circumstances, be deceived. The thing cannot *go back*; it cannot *come about*; it cannot *return* any more than a moment that has passed; my white hair is as likely to become light brown again, as the days called those of *prosperity* are likely to return. Oh, no! We shall go lingering along, landowners, bull-frogs, merchants, manufacturers, tradesmen, all sinking lower and lower, becoming every day more and more dejected, and more and more abject; while the placemen, pensioners, sinecure people, dead weight, people in *pay*, Jews, jobbers, and all the race of tax-eaters, will be as gay as the flesh-flies under a Long Island sun, and will daily and hourly increase in arrogance and insolence; all which, and more too, the main body of this nation most richly deserves; and all I regret is, that some of *you*, my friends, must suffer with the rest. There will be no *opposition* offered to any measures of the Government; as men become poor, they will become timid; every one endeavouring to obtain favour, or mercy, from *those in power*; and no one ever dreaming of resisting it. All men of spirit will, if they can, *leave the country*; its riches and sources of industry will thus be drained away, while luxury, and show, and boasting will increase. But, at last, the *end* will come; and a dreadful end it will be! How long it may be first, no man can tell. I think it likely that the system will go on, till a *joint of meat* in a common tradesman's house will be deemed proof of his having committed robbery. The number of *tax-eaters* will increase rather than diminish; and there will be no idea of taking off any of the burdens. Men learn to abstain, as they learn to indulge, *by degrees*. Nobody, fifty years ago, would have believed,



that English labourers could be brought to live on *potatoes*. They have been, however; and we shall, I dare say, see all except a few great landowners and the tax-eaters, reduced to the same state. Nothing but granting the *Norfolk Petition* could prevent this; and that will not be granted.

To talk, in such a state of things, of any benefit to the people, from the introduction of COBBETT'S CORN, or of any other addition to the wealth of the country, is nonsense. Every resource is exhausted by the tax-eaters, to whom the rest of the people are mere drudges; mere hewers of wood and drawers of water. But, as I observed in COTTAGE ECONOMY and in the CORN BOOK, this state of things cannot last for ever. There must be a radical change. No matter from what cause, or in what manner; such change there must be, in a few years; and, if any one be disposed to smile at this, and to say; "Ah! it has lasted a good many years; and it will last our time;" I answer, that it has not lasted at all in any other way than that in which a cancer, or a dropsy lasts. It has existed for a good many years; but it has all along been getting worse and worse: there have been some, and even many, short periods of mitigation; but the disease has been regularly going on, as a general cause, getting more and more into the whole frame, and producing more and more suffering. Death must come at last; and though the body may, and will bear exhaustion and become loathsome, before the breath will quit it, quit it it will: this bloated, corrupt, and stinking THING will die, and a new body will arise in its stead: not, however, from any exertions on the part of the people; for they will make none; the change will arise from the nature of things; it will force itself forward, and the poor, tame, cowed-down, cowering people will be the instruments of events.

Whenever this change shall be begun, COBBETT'S CORN will be a great means of making the change perfect; and, in the meanwhile, people will, from experience, learn the uses of it, and the way to raise it. It will prevent the labourers from ever being slaves again; it will inevitably re-produce small farms; it will make the labourers more independent of

their employers; it will bring back, it will hasten back, the country towards its former happy state. When a labourer finds (as he soon will find) that his garden of 20 rods of ground, will yield him 20 bushels of corn, that will fat two large hogs; or, that will give him a thousand pounds weight of meal, two-thirds as good as wheat-flour: when a labourer finds this, and that he could, with his own hands, cultivate four acres instead of 20 rods, and gather and shell the corn; and raise, at least, 400 bushels of corn, worth 264 bushels of wheat; that he can manage the whole without any barns' floors, or any thing but his own dwelling-house; when he finds, that, thus, at present prices (wheat at 6s. a bushel) he can earn £71 4s. deducting the rent, and, if we allow £4 for tithe. £67 4s. a year; when a labouring man finds that he can do this, he will not be eager to go to the bull-frog to get from him about 5s. a week, or £13 a year! And, if he be a married man, he will cultivate six acres instead of four; and will not be eager to go to the bull-frog to get his parish allowance of 160 ounces, or 10/bs of bread a week, without any thing for clothing, fire, lodging or drink! In short, it is impossible that the working people should be bull-frogs' slaves with this corn ripening in this country. This the bull-frogs know, and, therefore, forgetting, or, seeming to forget, for the moment, the workings of Waterloo upon them, they are full of alarm at the prospect of seeing the corn in the hands of their slaves; who, let other things go as they may, will not be their slaves many years longer. This corn will produce real emancipation: it is the poor man's plant; it is the plant of liberty; the plant of independence. Accordingly, the bull-frogs are hard at work now to persuade people that corn is a bad thing for man and beast. American corn now sells at Mark Lane from 35s. to 45s. the quarter, while the average of our wheat does not exceed 54s. So that there must be some horrible fools in England, if the bull-frogs be not liars. The channels that the bull-frogs work through, are the *Old Times* and the *FARMERS' JOURNAL*. I will take a passage from the former, first, in these words: "We copy a letter from the *Farmers' Journal*, on the

"subject of Indian corn. We have no  
 "doubt, nor ever had from the first, but  
 "that *the whole was a trick or expedient*  
 "to raise money. Indian corn was al-  
 "ways cultivated in this country as  
 "much as it ought to be, or as it will be  
 "next year ; that is, not at all but as an  
 "object of curiosity. It is worth no-  
 "thing here, and is but a miserable  
 "substitute for other grain where other  
 "grain will not grow. We have stated  
 "what we know to be the fact, that it  
 "has a tendency to produce *scorbutic*  
 "diseases in man and beast : by itself it  
 "makes, with difficulty, a clammy,  
 "nauseous, unwholesome bread ; and  
 "mixed with wheat, it is *by no means*  
 "equal to rye or barley."

Well, then, what foolish people the  
 English must be, to give, as they are  
 giving, at this moment, 45s. a quarter  
 for corn, when they can buy rye and  
 barley for less than 30s. a quarter !  
 However, it is waste of time to reason  
 with this thing, which merely publishes  
 this, not because it thinks the corn a bad  
 thing, nor because it hates me (for it  
 cares nothing about me) ; but, because  
 it knows that there are a great many, *who*  
*can buy newspapers*, who are gratified  
 by any thing, no matter what, that is  
 likely to diminish, in any degree, the  
 extension of my celebrity, and who,  
 therefore, will be pleased at these lies ;  
 foolish as they are ; for it is one of the  
 failings of malignity, to imagine that  
 any thing that it wishes others to believe,  
 they will believe.

From the BULL-FROGS' JOURNAL  
 came the letter above referred to, which  
 was in the following words :—" TO THE  
 "EDITOR OF THE FARMERS' JOURNAL,  
 "LONDON, OCT. 29. Sir, a few days  
 "ago, I read in *The Times* newspaper,  
 "an account of a visit to Barnes Elms,  
 "(or as Mr. Cobbett calls it, Barn  
 "Elms, though why I know not, for it is  
 "in the village of Barnes), which gave  
 "me no very exalted idea of the farm  
 "management pursued there. However,  
 "as it is always best to see and judge  
 "for one's self in these matters, I re-  
 "solved to take the advantage of the  
 "first fine day to ramble as far as this  
 "spot, celebrated as being the fountain-  
 "head of British Indian corn, the very  
 "source, as it were, of the stream in this

"country. Like the source of many other  
 "streams, it was somewhat difficult to  
 "find out, and withal, rather choked  
 "with rubbish ; for, of all the miserable  
 "crops, miserably farmed, that ever I  
 "had the misfortune to come across  
 "certainly this of the *great Apostle of*  
 "*Reform*, was, by many degrees, the  
 "worst ; and I could not help exclaim-  
 "ing to myself, as my eye glanced along  
 "the rows of poor, puny, half-starved  
 "looking plants, 'And is this the crop  
 "about which so much has been said  
 "and written, and which is expected to  
 "obtain for its owner a niche in the  
 "Temple of Fame, side by side with a  
 "Coke, a Curwen, or a Sinclair ?' Well  
 "is it for Cobbett that he can write a  
 "little better than he can farm. Well,  
 "too, is it for his credit as a farmer, that  
 "the many are content to look through  
 "his eyes rather than their own, at the  
 "system of cultivation pursued at Barn  
 "Elms. For my part, though I had  
 "expected to find things bad, I certainly  
 "did not expect to find them quite so  
 "bad, as on inspection they proved to  
 "be. I did not see the crop of last year,  
 "which, it will be remembered, was  
 "grown on the same field. I wish I  
 "had, that I might have been enabled  
 "to form some idea of the difference be-  
 "tween the produce of this year and the  
 "last ; but if it was not twice as good as  
 "the crop I saw (taking into account  
 "the quality of the soil, which is good),  
 "I can only say it was a disgrace to the  
 "grower. Be it remembered, too, that  
 "this corn was recommended by Mr.  
 "Cobbett as a preparation for wheat !  
 "If the second year's preparation for  
 "wheat turns out no better than I found  
 "it, what would have been the fate of  
 "the wheat itself after such prepara-  
 "tion ? As to the amount of the crop  
 "now on the ground, I really cannot es-  
 "timate it *low enough*. The rows are  
 "too wide apart, and two-thirds, at least,  
 "of the surface are thus literally wasted  
 "with rubbish and beggary. The in-  
 "tervals between the rows may have  
 "been both horse and hand hoed ; but I  
 "confess I could not discover the traces  
 "of any such operations, and I should  
 "be exceedingly sorry to swear to either  
 "the one or the other. The crop (for  
 "such, I suppose, it must in courtesy be

"called) was in progress of removal  
 "into the barn. It was nearly ripe,  
 "though by no means in a state to put  
 "together in any large quantity; but, if  
 "tolerably dry, there is no great cause  
 "for apprehension on the score of fermentation, the whole produce would  
 "go into a very little compass. With  
 "no better specimen to exhibit, I  
 "wonder that Mr. Cobbett should  
 "permit strangers to come and see  
 "'the nakedness of the land': but,  
 "in justice to him, I must observe, that  
 "not only are they so permitted, but  
 "that every facility is afforded them,  
 "when there, to examine and judge for  
 "themselves. The correspondent of  
 "*The Times* was struck by the nakedness and discomfort of the yards; and  
 "so, in truth, was I. *Not a particle of*  
 "*straw*, nor, indeed, of corn, with the  
 "exception of the Indian corn, could I  
 "discover on the premises; and I left  
 "the place, fully persuaded that Shakspeare is not the only man who has  
 "written 'Much Ado about Nothing.'"

Now, as to the main point, this fellow does not deny that the corn was *RIPE*, which, indeed, he could not well do, while samples of *ripe corn*, from more than twenty counties, were hanging up in my shop window in Fleet Street. Last year the cry was that it would *not ripen* in England, except by mere accident. We have had the coldest and worst summer within the memory of man; and it has ripened all over England, and even in *Scotland*; but now the tone is changed; now it is a *bad crop*; now it is *not a good grain*; now it gives *scurvy*, even to pigs!

As to this letter from THE BULL-FROG; that is the proper name for the paper, which I, in my Treatise on the corn, described as, "that advocate for  
 "Corn Bills, that pupil of Webb Hall,  
 "that lick-spittle of the landlords, that  
 "prosing preceptor of the *Agriculturists*, that most stupid of all the shuffle-breeches crew that practise farming in  
 "a stinking garret of the Wen, that  
 "fungus of the copses, that toad-stool of  
 "the meadows, that smut in the corn-fields, that *stout* in the back of the  
 "cow, that *bott* in the bowels of the  
 "horse, that maggot beneath the tail of  
 "the sheep; that nasty despicable thing,

"hardly fit to be touched with the point  
 "of the prong, or tossed away by the  
 "edge of the shovel; the receptacle of  
 "the evacuations of the upper parts of  
 "the bodies of the greedy, mean,  
 "bloated, conceited, stupid, insolent and  
 "hard-hearted bull-frogs;" and, I  
 "might have added, whom God has destined to fall under the joint efforts of  
 "'the hero of Waterloo'" and of William Cobbett.

The correspondent of the BULL-FROG has, it seems, NO NAME but that of T., which, I suppose, stand for *toad-eater* to "*a Coke*," *a-daddy*; a sheep shearman, who has left off having sheep shearers, fearing, perhaps, that he might, at last, be sheared himself. But, now, though we have only T., I happen to know the name; the *real name*, of this toad-eating, base fool and liar; and, were it not on account of others, and not on account of himself, I would lash the mean and broken down rascal well; the poor, the miserable, the despicable caitiff, who, for mere meat and drink, thus lets himself out to hire to furnish food for the gratification of the envy of the rich vagabonds who are able to feed him, and who accept of his vile services. Such a fellow is as much beneath a pimp, as the passion, to the gratification of which he administers, is more base than that for the gratification of which the pimp is hired and paid. Put *your name*, parasite: put *your name*, and let the others, who have the misfortune to bear the same name, knock you on the head for their own credit.

The bull-frogs, in trying the *new tack*, not only allow that the corn will *ripen in England*, but that *larger sorts* will ripen, and ripen even *better* than COBBETT'S CORN! We have a specimen of this in a paper, published for the amusement of the tax-eaters at that vile and corrupt and infamous hole, PORTSMOUTH; that nest of dead-weight and of all sorts of feeders on our labour. The article is as follows: "The cultivation of Indian  
 "corn has been carried on in this neighbourhood, by way of experiment, to a  
 "considerable extent. The finest we  
 "have had an opportunity of noticing, is  
 "grown in the garden of Mr. CHARLES  
 "JESSOP. It *ripens quicker than the*  
 "*corn introduced by Cobbett*, and the

"plant is *larger and more productive*,  
 "and being planted by the side of a  
 "patch of Cobbett's corn, the difference  
 "is *observable to the disadvantage of the*  
 "*latter*. Mr. JESSOP may lay claim to  
 "the merit of having cultivated the  
 "corn before Cobbett; and notwithstand-  
 "ing the wetness of the season, there is  
 "every prospect of the grain which he  
 "recommends coming to perfection."

Bravo! This is a most curious string of  
 lies! This paragraph is, it seems, making  
 the tour of the "*Great British Empire*,"  
 which contains more generals, more ad-  
 mirals, more fat bishops and parsons,  
 and more paupers and starving creatures  
 than all the rest of the world. The para-  
 graph is making this grand tour; for a  
 friend near WORCESTER has copied it  
 from the "*CHELTEMHAM CHRONICLE*,"  
 which is published for the information  
 of the tax-eating lazaroni of that spewing  
 place, who were, I dare say, "highly  
 gratified" to find, that "Mr. Charles  
 "Jessop was to have the *credit* of intro-  
 "ducing the corn"! What beasts there  
 are in this island! But, somewhat to the  
 south of this corrupt and stinking and  
 wicked Portsmouth, lies the island of  
 GUERNSEY, from which I have received,  
 and have now on the table before me,  
 five ears of my corn, some of the finest  
 that I have yet seen. The grower is D.  
 BROCK, Esq., who, in a letter to a friend,  
 and which that friend has handed to  
 me, writes, on the subject as follows:  
 "GUERNSEY, 31st. Oct. 1829. I have  
 "given our friend a bunch of five ears  
 "of Cobbett's corn, grown in my field,  
 "which I wish you to present to him as  
 "a fair specimen of my crop. Mr. Cob-  
 "bett will observe that the ears and  
 "grains are finer than those I pro-  
 "cured from him. I have gathered  
 "more than fourteen thousand ears, a  
 "great proportion of which are fully as  
 "fine as those I send. Indeed, I have  
 "not touched the ears *selected for next*  
 "*year's seed*, nor disturbed the bunches  
 "of ten ears tied and hung up in the  
 "passage of my upper story, but taken  
 "these five ears from those gathered in  
 "the course of the two last days. I  
 "began the harvest in September, and  
 "continued it every fine day, or half-  
 "day, for whole days of dry weather  
 "have been very rare, until this last

"week. I had planted *ten sorts of*  
 "*Indian corn* in better situations than  
 "Cobbett's, and *none have yet ripened*.  
 "I have hopes that *some may*, but the  
 "greater number will never come to  
 "maturity. One sort never even blos-  
 "somed. It appears to me that Cobbett's  
 "corn is particularly well adapted for  
 "this soil and climate, and for our small  
 "farms, for we have no farms here of  
 "even fifty English acres, and few of  
 "more than thirty. I keep an exact ac-  
 "count of the produce of my field, which  
 "is great, notwithstanding the unusual  
 "season we have experienced. I break-  
 "fast every morning on cakes of the  
 "Indian corn, and prefer them to any  
 "thing before set before me. To-morrow  
 "we shall have mush, or polenta, at our  
 "Sunday dinner, and wish you were a  
 "partaker of it."

This will do for "Mr. CHARLES  
 JESSOP," and his claim to the *credit*.  
 It will also do for ANNA BRODIE and her  
 "scurry"; and yet, I should not wonder  
 (especially if Jessop be a Scotchman or  
 an Irishman) if the Collective were to  
 "report" that Jessop introduced the  
 corn, and were to make him a *grant* ac-  
 cordingly, out of our money. If his  
 name were MACDOUGAL, or O'BERES-  
 FORD, he would certainly get a *grant*,  
 just on the same principle that the Scotch  
 serjeant, Sinclair, of the "*bra' foorty-*  
*sacund*," got a commission for taking the  
 "*invincible stand*," which was taken  
 by a *Frenchman* in the English service.  
 There are several other letters on the  
 subject of the corn, that I would insert,  
 if I had room, all congratulating me on  
 the success of the plant, and almost all  
 telling me *how hostile the farmers are to*  
*it*. From the very outset, I said that  
*they* would be hostile to it. Many *land-*  
*lords*, all the *clergy*, all the *tradesmen*,  
 all the *labourers*, are delighted with it;  
 and, for the very same reason that the  
*bull-frogs* would, if they had the cou-  
 rage, cut my throat for having intro-  
 duced it; namely, because it has a ma-  
 nifest tendency to increase the amount  
 of the produce of the soil, and, at the  
 same time, to diminish the mass of pau-  
 perism.

What, then, I may be asked, "can  
 "farmers, who own the crops, *object to*  
 "any thing that has a tendency to cause



"an increase in the value of them; and can they, who pay the poor-rates, object to any thing that has a tendency to diminish pauperism"? To both questions I answer, YES; and say, not only that they *can have*, but that they have such objection. They do, indeed, "*own crops*," but they do not own the land; and if a way be discovered to make the land capable of producing crops of greater value than at present, the farmer must pay, and ought to pay, a *higher rent than at present*. If, in a field of any particular farm, let at a pound an acre, a gold mine were discovered, does any one dream, that the landowner would let the bull-frog have the farm, that field and all, still at a pound an acre? This settles that point.

Then, as to *diminishing pauperism*. The farmer does, indeed, pay the poor-rates in the mechanical sense of the word. He puts the money into the hands of the overseer: but he, when he takes the land, deducts the amount from the rent that he is to pay; for who is so foolish as not to know, that if there were a farm in a parish having no poor, it would let higher on that account? What need the bull-frog, therefore, to care about the amount of poor-rates? But, besides, he likes the pauperism; because it enables him to make slaves of the labourers; to compel them to work for him at the lowest possible wages; the poor-book is the vice, by means of which he squeezes out of them the greatest possible quantity of labour for the smallest possible quantity of food. And, therefore, he likes pauperism; and he hates the corn, because that would, and will, take the labourer out of his merciless vice.

The landlords, though generally a very dull race, will be, and are, for the corn, and will not care about the name; they will swallow that; and the PARSONS, (unless Waterloo and his man overset them soon) will all be for it; for they are only another species of landlords. Indeed the parsons are decidedly for it; and well they may. This opinion of mine, relative to the bull-frogs liking pauperism, is by no means singular. Mr. J. DENISON read a paper, at the last annual dinner of the Cambridge Horticultural Society, which, after having spoken of the great utility of my

Corn, he concluded as follows: "How is it that our landowners, on whom poor-rates ultimately fall, do not let land to labourers to the amount of an acre at least? Seven years' experience on twenty acres of land, let by the Vicar of Waterbeach, proves that labourers do as well by their land, their crops are as productive, and their rents as regularly paid, as the farmers! The reason is, the farmer knows, that if the labourer could procure the greater part of his support by his extra exertions on the land he occupied, he would not submit to the degrading half-starving pittance he now receives for his labour; and that, what he would save in poor-rates he must pay in extra wages. But ought the landed proprietor to reason thus? No! because his own interest and the prosperity of his country is opposed to it. Wherever land has been let to the amount of an acre, it has tended to banish pauperism."

Here is the whole secret. The land has been let to bull-frogs; because they, by means of the banks, could give higher rents. But, now, the banks can (thanks to Waterloo) aid them no longer in the all-devouring work! and, as misfortunes never come singly, my corn drops in to call for small rentings. Aye, and this the bull-frogs see, and they turn from the sight, as a thief turns from that of a halter. The thing is done, however, in spite of them; and in quick time too. Many noblemen and gentlemen bought seed corn, and gave it to their tenants! They have all failed! "Twont doo, my lard." They should have given it to their labourers and their tradespeople.

However they have got it, and the whole country has it, except Ireland, out of which it will, I dare say, be kept for many years; for, with corn, a people cannot long continue to be slaves: the "potato" is the root for tyrants to feed a people with.

I have now, on the table before me, a sight that gladdens my heart, namely, samples of corn, of this year's growth, received this week, from

Mr. Brock, of Guernsey.

Mr. Michael Blout, of Sulham Cottage, near Reading, Berks.

Mr. Biddle, of Titchfield, Hants.

Mr. B. C. Thomas, of Malinesbury,  
*Wilts.*

Mr. J. P. Thomas, the same place.

Mr. Blanton, same place.

Mr. Haslock, *Isle of Wight.*

Mr. Thomas Roberts, *Oxford.*

Mr. Paddison, Louth, *Lincolnshire.*

Mr. Richard Holiday, Liddiard Mil-  
licent, *Wilts.*

A gentleman, whose name I have lost,  
near Dudley, *Worcestershire.*

Mr. Bridger, Selbourne, *Hants.*

I have here, before me, the proof that the corn **IMPROVES** in this country, in *size* as well as in *quality*. There are five ears from Mr. Brock, of *Guernsey*, and they are very little inferior, in point of weight, to the average of the corn grown in Long Island; and the grain is *quite equal* to that of Long Island. When I saw these ears, which are rather finer than those of Mr. Jones, of North End, Fulham, I concluded that the *Guernsey* *sun* had done the business, and that we in England, must be content with something short of this perfection; but the one ear, from Mr. Blout, of *Berkshire*, is still larger, longer, and heavier, than one of the five of Mr. Brock, who, however, says, that he has *not sent his best*. Mr. Biddle's corn is very fine, so is Mr. Paddison's and Mr. Thomas's. The rest is not so fine; but all is ripe; and the *very worst is much finer than the ears that my son William brought to England*, from which the whole of this fine corn has sprung.

And, thus, *the thing is done*. All these samples of corn are now hanging up in my shop window in Fleet Street, labelled with the names of the growers, and with that of the place where grown. In the *Huntindon* paper, there is an account of *brandy* distilled from the *stalks* of the corn. We do not want brandy; but we want *untaxed beer*; and I have the pleasure to tell the good friend in Norfolk who gave me the hint, that I have now, in my farm-house, small beer, made of corn stalks. The information reached me too late; or, I would have had a quantity *dried*, like malt, for the use of the whole year. My men are now drinking this beer, and I taste no other beer myself. I will, in the next Register, give a full account of this matter; for this is a most important affair.

And now, my friends, I take my leave for the present, in the hope that we shall, with Waterloo's resolute aid, live to see the bull-frogs fall, and COBBETT'S CORN rise up all over England and Scotland, the Irish preferring the "nice *mealy* potato," it being so well adapted to their organs, so as to let them suck in the sweet sounds from the lips of their intense orators. Let us not, however, speak *slightly* of Ireland, for she sent us Waterloo, whom, or some such one, it required to reduce our enemies to beggary.

I am your faithful friend,

WM. COBBETT.

P. S. I understand that the price of the *corn sheller*, made by Mr. Judson, of Kensington, is three guineas.

#### COBBETT'S LECTURES.

I SHALL hold my First Lecture at the Theatre of the MECHANICS' INSTITUTE, on THURSDAY, the 26th instant, before I go to the country. This Theatre is a very commodious place, and very well situated as to a division of the town. It is in SOUTHAMPTON BUILDINGS, Chancery Lane, corner of Staples' Inn. The hour, *eight o'clock* in the evening, and to close about half-past nine. The price of admission, ONE SHILLING, to be paid at the door. These are to be lectures, or rather, *speeches*, on *public affairs*, commonly called *politics*; and, in the course of which, I shall endeavour to communicate to the hearers matter a little more *useful* than that which was purchased from Peter MACCULLOCH, Professor of Political Economy, in the London University. I have no desire to be thought more public-spirited than other men; but, I know that many men stand in need of the knowledge necessary to give them a chance of escaping the ruin that now menaces so many thousands of industrious families. I deem myself capable of communicating this knowledge; and this is a method that I have chosen for the purpose, in addition to the other method that I have practised for so many years; proceeding also upon my old maxim, that, as our *difficulties* increase, so also ought our *exertions*.

**N.B.** The Theatre is engaged for this express purpose, and for no other. There is one entrance by Northumberland Court, Southampton Buildings, on the left-hand from Holborn; and another entrance by Tennis Court, Middle Row, Holborn. Carriages can approach by Northumberland Court.

## AMERICAN FOREST TREES, AND APPLE AND PEAR TREES.

I NOTIFIED, last spring, that I should not have a great many *forest-trees* to sell this year. I have, however, some of the following sorts, and at the prices put against them.

### FOREST TREES.

**LOCUSTS**, two years old, transplanted, 7s. a hundred.

**BLACK WALNUT**, very fine and large, 4s. a hundred.

**BLACK SPRUCE**, two years old, transplanted, 10s. a hundred.

**RED CEDAR**, three years old, transplanted, 6d. each.

**N. B.** I would recommend planters to raise the Locust trees *from seed*, agreeably to the directions, contained in my book, entitled, "**THE WOODLANDS**," which explain the whole matter very fully. In general, not a tenth part of the seed come up; but this is because it is *not sowed in the proper manner*. See paragraphs from 383 to 387, inclusive. Follow these directions, and you will never fail. I shall have some *fine seed*, in a short time, from America, and some other American tree-seeds also.

### APPLE TREES.

No. 1. Newtown Pippin.

2. Rhode Island Greening.

3. Fall Pippin.

4. Concklin's Pie Apple.

} 2s. each.

These are all the sorts that I have now, and they are all that I think necessary. The first is the finest flavoured apple in the world, and it will keep till May. The second is good from November till February; the third, from fall till Christmas; and the fourth is an incomparable *pie apple*, and a good keeper. They are all great bearers, and the wood is of free

growth. The plants are as fine as it is possible for them to be. The stocks were *twice removed*; the roots are in the best possible state for removing; and if planted according to the directions contained in my "**ENGLISH GARDENER**," they will grow off at once, and speedily bear.

### PEAR TREES.

I have eighteen sorts of pears, omitting, I believe, no one that is held in much estimation. The first and the last sort, No. 1. and No. 18., are from America. No. 1. is an extraordinarily fine eating pear, the like of which I had never seen before. No. 18. is a baking pear of most exquisite flavour, and a great and constant bearer. I had lost this sort, but I got some cuttings from Long Island in 1827, put them upon a large stock in the spring of that year, and these cuttings have begun to bear already, having yielded a dozen pears this year. This pear always bears in abundance, and for baking, and making perry, it surpasses all others, and beyond all comparison, as far as my observation has gone. My pears are, this year, all upon *seedling* pear-stocks; the stocks were removed; and, therefore, the roots will be in the best possible state for the transplanting of the trees. The scions, or cuttings, were chosen so as to be of the exact size of the stock; the grafting was done in the neatest manner, and the plants are clean and beautiful accordingly. I venture to say, that these pears never were exceeded, either in growth of shoot or condition of root, by any that ever came out of a nursery. They are growing at Kensington, as well as the other trees. The price of the pears is, as it was last year, *three shillings a piece*. The list is as follows:

No. 1. American Fall Pear.

2. Jargonelle.

3. Ganzal's Bergamot.

4. Brown Beurée.

5. Crassanne.

6. Colmar.

7. Saint Germain.

8. Winter Bergamot.

9. Bishop's Thumb.

10. Chaumontel.

11. Summer Bergamot.

12. Poire d' Auch.
13. Winter Bonchrétien.
14. Summer Bonchrétien.
15. Green Chisel.
16. Williams's Bonchrétien.
17. Orange Bergamot.
18. Long-Island Perry Pear.

These pears are those which I recommend in my book on Gardening. I have omitted one or two, because, at the time of grafting, I could not procure cuttings of them from persons whom I could depend upon as to the sort; but the list is, nevertheless, pretty full, and any gentleman with these trees in his garden, will have a good succession of this table fruit from Midsummer to February.

Orders for these trees will be received at Fleet-street, or by letter (postage paid). I suggest the utility of sending in the orders as quickly as convenient; because, if long delayed, the variety is diminished, and the executing of the orders is not so well attended to. Gentlemen will be pleased to give very plain directions, not only with regard to the place whither the trees are to be sent, but also with regard to the mode of conveyance, and the particular inn or wharf where the packages are to be delivered.

N.B. The Locusts are all either gone or ordered.

## METROPOLIS TURNPIKE MANUAL.

SHORTLY will be published, "The Metropolis Turnpike Manual"; being an Analytical Abstract of the Metropolis Turnpike Acts, together with a correct List of all the Turnpike Roads and Bridges, and of the Tolls collected upon each, within ten miles of London. By W. Cobbett, Jun., price 5s. In making this announcement, the author has to remark, that after the 1st of January next, an important change is to take place in the collection of the tolls in the vicinity of London, by an *assimilation* of the tolls collected on the different parts of the metropolitan trusts;

and that, therefore, the same traveller will not any longer be liable to pay fourteen different tolls in the same day, but to pay the same toll fourteen times. By the way, this assimilation will effect an injury, in place of a benefit, to the public generally, by increasing the burdens of that part of it which are always taxed beyond their due proportion: in the instance of a stage-coach (or Omnibus) the toll is now at Hammersmith *twenty-two pence halfpenny*, and at Kensington *sixpence* for the same carriage: being payable only once in a day at Hammersmith, and twice (with the same horses) at Kensington. Now, the alteration in this instance will be, that the nominal toll of Hammersmith and of all the other parts of this Trust, will be fixed at the present rate of Kensington, but that it shall be *paid every time of passing*, thereby trebling, and sometimes quadrupling, the tolls on stage-coaches. Private travellers will doubtless be saved considerable trouble in ascertaining the sum which is due; but the assimilation is not general, and, so far from applying without exception to the roads in the vicinity of London, there are many turnpike roads even on the north of the Thames, which are under distinct Trusts, and on which different tolls are still collected. Notwithstanding the high-sounding terms of "Metropolitan Trustees," the indefatigable body (a select one also) who are invested with this title, have not an exclusive jurisdiction over all the turnpikes even in the metropolis. Added to these exceptions, there are the several roads upon which various tolls are collected on the south of the Thames, in the neighbourhood of London; and there are also the bridges which are in London and the neighbourhood. The object of the author is to remedy, in some measure, the inconvenience which will still be felt by the public from the want of an uniform rate of tolls, and in this Manual to offer every traveller the means of always ascertaining with readiness the exact toll due.